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## Kow Books Do Change.

BY ARTHUR B. RHINOW.

I could not study. Sickness, sorrow, death,
With seemingly a scorching blighting breath
Had blown upon my little home awhile
And made my lips forget their childish smile.
Neglected were the manual and the tome;
While swept my tearful eyes from grave to dome
To read the stars or promises divine,
The stars that brightest in the darkness shine.

And when I turned to read my books again,
While lingered still within my heart a pain—
As music followed by a soft refrain—
I tried to recognize my friends in vain.
They looked the same, but, ah, the contents were
So deeply beautiful, enough to stir
My soul to depths I never felt before,
So beautiful I could not cease to pore,

And in the Book of Books, indeed, I found, Where I before had seen but level ground, Sweet valleys, silver streams, and verdant plains, And sunshine warm, and storms, and blessed rains, And ocean depths, and mountains, range on range—So different they had grown. How books do change!

- The Westminster.